

# Dance Of Death

The Riot

Shadow puppets  
The old man nearly died  
They dance in the light from his hand  
He remembers when fate was more kind  
And cool summer rain soaked the land  
Bells in the temple, a buddah Reclines  
Meanwhile to the east and again to the north  
Shiva awaits in the sand  
Smooth as leather - unchained by the blade  
A face made of stone will remain  
Who will remember the love that we made  
And hand writes a word and the word is genocide

Kill not your enemy  
Love not your friend  
Turning in ecstasy  
We learn the dance of death

No water  
One in ten survive  
Cries of the damned flood the land  
Another leader more dead than alive  
With innocent blood on his hand  
Gunfire by daylighth - murder by night  
Run to the hills on the voyage of your past  
Memories faded by night  
Nowhere to go so they learn how to dance  
Their hands speak of days left behind  
Your murderer's your saviour by strange circumstance  
A lesson in lies for the children of the damned

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Silent as angels  
The old man survive  
Serene as a statue they stand  
They drink propaganda and breath cyanide  
Meanwhile in Asia the rains begin again

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Turning in ecstasy  
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